Mlle. Anna Pavlowa

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Repertoire

AMARILLA
Romantic tragedy founded on an old gypsy folk song.
Music by Glazounov, Drigo, Dargomiszki.

ORIENTALE
Ballet of barbaric splendor, arranged by M. Zailich to the music of Seroff, Mousorgski and Rimski-Korsakoff.

INVITATION TO THE DANCE
Dance suite arranged by M. Zailich.
Music by Weber.

LA FILLE MAL GARDÉE
Ballet in two acts, story by d'Oberval.
Music by Gerthel.

THE SEVEN DAUGHTERS OF THE GHOST KING
Fantastic ballet arranged by Michael Fokine, maître de ballet of the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg.
Music by Alexander Spendiarow.

LES PRELUDES
Futuristic ballet arranged and produced by M. Fokine. Founded on Lamartine's Meditations Poetiques.
Music by Liszt.

GISELLE
Ballet in two acts founded on the poem by Theophile Gautier.
Music by Adolphe Adam.

THE MAGIC FLUTE
Arranged by Marius Petipa, late head of the Imperial Russian Ballet system.
Music by Drigo.

PAQUITA
Arranged by Petipa.
Music by Deldevez.

HALTE de CAVALERIE
Arranged by Petipa.
Music by Armsseimer.

COPPELIA
Ballet in two acts from The Tales of Hoffmann, arranged by Neweter and St. Leon.
Music by Delibes.

TSCHNAJA
Fanciful Muscovitic ballet.

SUITE DE CHOPIN
Arranged by Clustine, maitre de ballet, Grand Opera, Paris.

Divertissements

DANSE DE PRINTEMPS.....Meyer-Helmund
PAS DE DEUX (En Orange).....Girot
LA CYGNE (The Swan).....Saint-Saens
MAZURKA, ADAGIO, VARIATIONS, CZARDAS, GALOP FINAL, (from Coppelia).....Delibes
POLKA PIZZICATO.....Drigo
MOMENT MUSICAL.....Schubert
PAS DE TROIS.....Drigo
LA NUIT.....Rubinstein
VALSE MINUTE.....Chopin
MINUET.....Paderewski
ROSE MOURANTE (Valse Bluette).....Drigo
VALSE DANUBE.....Strauss
MAZURKA.....Glinka
CZARDAS.....Grossman
VALSE CAPRICE.....Rubinstein
DANSE RUSSE.....Ahrens
RHAPSODIE HONGROISE.....Liszt
L'AUTOMNE BACCHANALE.....Glazounov

and

MODERN SOCIETY DANCES and Other Divertissements

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Pavlowa's Art and Its Meaning

THE dance, as exemplified by Mlle. Pavlowa and her associates accomplishes a double end. First of all these Russians furnish delightful, inspiriting and uplifting entertainment for everybody. Secondly, they meet the demands of the most exacting connoisseurs of drama, art and music. Pavlowa startled the world into an appreciation of the Dance. And the Dance is no longer regarded as the little sister of the arts, but as a great and mighty art unto itself.

Huntley Carter, eminent English critic, sums up the situation by writing that the Russian ballets "are the first real advance in the third great dramatic movement of the world. First came the Greeks, then Shakespeare, and now comes the new Classicism. The Russian ballet offers a spectacle of a world wherein a theme is handled with simplicity, beauty and strength by three sets of hands, working as one and directed by a master builder." Mr. Carter's reason for this broad statement is at once evident to all who have enjoyed the unified effect, the symphony as it were, of the dance drama, the music and the astounding graphic art, in scenery and costumes, of Pavlowa and her organization.

In their tragedies and comedies, complete plays in one and two acts, which they tell in the dance, Pavlowa and her company have a message for all who like drama, music, or line and mass and color as shown in settings and costumes.

What other art is there besides Pavlowa's which is so tremendously popular throughout the world, with such a universal appeal, and which is at the same time the cause of so much enthusiasm among the cognoscenti?

Amarilla

THIS is a fragile little drama, told in the dance, of true love and false, for in the guise of a peasant a Count has wooed and won the heart of Amarilla, the gypsy maid. Then he disappears.

The scene opens with a fête champêtre, like something of Watteau's. It is in the garden of the Countess whom the Count is now to wed. A troop of gypsies, engaged to liven the fête, come dancing on. Amarilla is their queen. She does not recognize her faithless lover until she starts to tell with cards the fortune of the Countess and her swain. There is tragedy in Amarilla's look of recognition, deep pathos as the Count makes signs to her that he cannot know her any longer. She faints. But her brother's palm has been crossed with gold. He makes Amarilla arise and dance. It is as if the young girl's heart would break, for she must dance for hire to please the bride of him who used to hold her in his arms. She braces herself for the ordeal, then almost faints again. But watching the other gypsies dance, the Count and Countess do not

(*Continued on next page*)

"LE PAPILLON"

Amarilla *(Continued)*

notice, and indeed the nobleman does not care.

Then Amarilla really begins to dance. She will regain her faithless lover! There is wild passion, fierce abandon in this her last desperate struggle to win back the man she loves. But the Count is as of stone—or else he sees in his mind's eye the proud mansion and the broad acres of the Countess, soon to become his own. Grandly, and with measured tread, the Count leaves the garden, his Countess on his arm. Amarilla's companions clink the gold they have received and dance away. The maiden is left standing all alone. Will he come back? At least an explanation, just a word of pity. He cannot be so cruel. And then he does come back. Wild with joy she rushes toward him, stretching out her arms. Coldly he holds out a purse of gold. Only then does Amarilla fully realize that to him she is a clod. As he calmly walks away she staggers to a garden seat, and, one for whom the joy of life is gone forever, falls senseless.

The action of Amarilla is founded on an old gypsy folk song. The music is by Dargomiszki, Drigo and Glazounov.

Orientale

THIS is an Arabian Night, full of the glorious poisoned splendors of the East, and yet with pure love triumphant. It tells of how a young knight of the Crescent, an Oriental Galahad, returning from the wars, and lost in the deep forest, comes upon the palace of the beautiful enchantress. With passionate seductiveness she seeks to get him in her power. And she is fair of face and form and ravishingly she dances. But almost yielding to her charms, his talisman, a magic sash, saves him for his true love who awaits him in Bagdad.

The dancing of Pavlowa and her Russians, the palpitating music of Rimski-Korsakoff, Seroff and Mousorgski and the gorgeous golds and greens and reds and blues of Bakst in setting and costume, make the Orientale a masterpiece.

The scene is the banquet hall of the enchantress, where the young knight is welcomed from his wanderings. She sees in him another victim to add to her train of former heroes who live a life in death. She seats him at her right, and while a rich repast is set before them her slave girls dance. But the image of his loved one is in his heart, and, though the dance is wild, the wine red, the music throbbing, he is unmoved by the words of endearment the enchantress pours into his ear. Then her vanity sorely piqued, the enchantress rises languorously to dance for him herself. With her slave girls dancing in the background she weaves a most seductive figure, the music growing wilder and wilder. A bright flush mantles the young knight's face, and he rises from his seat. The dance grows wilder still. Slowly, as if unwilling, yet o'erpowered, he starts to fold her in his arms—but he hears his true love intoning the exorcisms inscribed upon his sash, and though the sorceress tries to tear the sacred scarf from off his shoulder, he eludes her and escapes into the night.

For true love is a talisman to keep a man from harm.

Invitation to the Dance

WEBER'S famous composition The Invitation to the Dance contains, according to the composer's own ideas, the program of a drama in the dance. The Introduction describes the meeting of two young persons, their conversation and the interest that gradually grows in each other. The strains of the valse sound all the shades of youthful sentiment, from awakening love to passionate emotion. The Final Coda is a repetition of the sentiments expressed in the Introduction and tells of the sorrow and regret with which the young couple part at the end of the dance. Weber's own explanation of his famous composition first gave to M. Zailich the idea of arranging a suite of dances to it.

The scene represents a ball in a house of wealth. The guests, in costumes of 1830, arrive, and a girl and young man are presented. They are immediately attracted to each other, and when the ball opens they dance together. As the dance proceeds their interest in each other grows, until real sentiment is formed; but as the music of the valse dies away they are forced to part, and their dawning love is ended.

PAVLOWA AND NOVIKOFF
IN THE BACCHANALE

The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King

THIS is an Oriental version of a segment of the Niebelungen legend—for the seven daughters of the Ghost King are closely comparable to the Walküre in the second opera of Wagner's great ring. It might seem a far cry from Wagner to the Russian ballet—considering how reluctant the composer was to introduce the ballet into Tannhäuser. Yet since these Russians have accomplished that unification of effect which Wagner strove for, it is fitting that one of their great ballets should have for its foundation a story similar to his greatest inspiration. Wagner's aim of a combination into a symphonic whole of music, drama, painting and architecture, has been achieved by these Muscovitic wizards—with particular success in The Seven Daughters of the Ghost King.

The mighty King of the Djinns, having been warned of the fate that would befall his daughters should ever they meet man, keeps them close within his castle on the mountain peaks. Only mighty mortal heroes or the strongest of the race of Djinns can reach these cloud-capped heights. For years the seven daughters, the winged Euphrides, lived within their cloistered gardens. As they grew to womanhood vague yearnings filled their souls. Fair were the gardens and merry the games they played together. But all labored under a sadness—a sadness the cause of which none could tell.

Then came the day, when with the King away. Prince Hassan and his followers sought entrance at the gates. The Euphrides open the gates. Six of the daughters, overcome by the splendor of the mortals, join with them in a dance of love and rejoicing. Only the youngest, Crystal Spring, remains aloof, though her heart is breaking for love of young Prince Hassan. Then the King returns. And like Wotan he employs fire—destroying his six disobedient daughters. Crystal Spring remains alone. But she has felt love. She realizes that life without love is nothing. So, mad with yearning for the prince of her dreams, she dances the dance of death and dies.

The music used for the symbolic Seven Daughters of the Ghost King is the symphonic picture called Three Palms, by Alexander Spendcarow.

La Fille Mal Gardée

LA FILLE MAL GARDÉE relates the way of a maid in love with a poor youth, when against her will she would be bestowed on a rich suitor. It is a tale of every time and land, yet ever new, that supplied d'Oberval, an old French writer, with an argument for a ballet. The music is by Gerthel, a composer little known in these days. Its quaintness and tuneful quality especially adapt it to the spirit of the dance-comedy. Elise, joyous, laughter-loving daughter of Marcelline, widow of a wealthy farmer, has been forbidden to meet Colin, a peasant. She has been chosen as the bride of Nicasse, simpleton son of a rich neighbor, and when Colin comes to talk to her in the farmyard he is driven away by the designing mother. Elise's friends who are employed on the farm arrive for the day's work, and are sent to the fields by Marcelline, who, setting Elise a task at churning, follows them. Colin reappears and urges Elise to go with him, but she refuses, though she consents to dance with him. They imitate the games of their childhood in the dance until the laborers return, with Marcelline close behind. She orders the peasants away and Elise back to her task. The wealthy neighbor appears with his half-witted son. Elise repulses Nicasse, but her mother forces her to consent to marry him, and their friends are called to celebrate the betrothal. Colin comes with the others, and Marcelline, believing her daughter safe from him now, permits him to dance with Elise. A thunderstorm scatters the guests and sends Marcelline and Elise to the house.

In the second scene mother and daughter enter the house to escape the storm. Marcelline begins to spin, but Elise in her unhappiness refuses to work. To conciliate the child her mother allows her to dance and accompanies her on the tambourine until at length Marcelline falls asleep. Then Colin comes to a window. While Elise is hunting for the key to let him in the harvesters enter with sheaves of corn. Colin, unseen by Marcelline, passes in with them and hides behind the sheaves. All set out for the harvest festival, except Elise, whose mother locks her in the house. Unaware of Colin's presence she is startled when he comes from concealment, and berates him for placing her in a compromising position. He reassures her, but at that moment they hear Marcelline approaching. Elise hides Colin in the barn, where her mother, angry at the disorder in the room, also sends the girl for punishment. Nicasse, bridegroom elect, arrives with his father and a notary to sign the marriage contract. He asks for Elise, and Marcelline, giving him the key to the barn, bids him fetch her. Everybody is astounded when Elise and Colin step forth together. The notary convinces Marcelline that it is best for Elise and Colin to marry, so the contract with Nicasse is destroyed, and with much merriment the young people drive the simpleton and his father away. Marcelline, amid general rejoicing, bids all celebrate the betrothal of Colin and Elise.

Les P

LOVE never dies. In the eternal conflict against overpowering circumstances, against greater forces than he can command, Man is sustained and aided by Love. Even Death the inevitable and the cruel powers of Darkness are faced bravely while Love lives. Such in brief is the inspiring theme of Les Preludes, one of the masterpieces of the modern ballet, conceived by M. Michael Fokine of the Imperial Theatres of St. Petersburg, and Mlle. Pavlowa's maître de ballet. The pictorial settings were designed by the young Russian artist, Boris Anisfeld, and are wonderfully in harmony with the spirit of Lamartine's Poetic Meditations, which were the inspiration for the symphonic poem (No. 3) of Franz Liszt. This is the composition M. Fokine has chosen as the musical background for Les Preludes. Here are the inspiring thoughts of the great French poet which are now interpreted in so unusual and unique a fashion.

The curtain rises upon that darkness that precedes dawn. A faint ray illumes a scene of peaceful tranquillity. Presently in a movement expressive of the innocent joy of Life, all harmony and rhythm, enter the lightly clad, graceful figures of Beauty and Light. Their presence seems to illuminate the rustic landscape with a wonderful light. We become aware of the presence of Man, peacefully and contentedly reclining at the side of his beloved.

Then almost imperceptibly in the background, silently, slowly, ominously, like phantoms, glide into the scene the overshadowing figures of the powers of Darkness. But Man and Love are aware only of Happiness and Light and Peace—until the happy figures of Light and Joy are van-

ludes

quished by the icy cruel presence of Darkness and Death.

The graceful feminine forms have vanished. Man finds himself alone with the cruel powers of Darkness. He must fight these foes. This combat represents the storm of Life, the fight against overpowering odds. It is the battle that brings to birth all the sterling qualities of manhood—Courage, Bravery, Valor, Heroism. It is the battle against corruption, against evil of every type, against pain, against disease. But the vision of Love is in the Man's eyes, and he triumphs over the powers of Darkness.

But his soul is wounded, disillusioned. Life is not the empty idle dream he had imagined. Weary and fatigued, in the depths of despair, Man seeks a resting place, when Love and her handmaidens, the daughters of Light and Beauty, return to heal his wounded soul, to celebrate his Bravery and his Valor. Love reigns again in the peaceful surroundings. All Life smiles.

But the theme of Les Preludes penetrates even more deeply into the spirit of Reality. At the moment of greatest happiness, Tragedy is lurking in the background. The powers of Darkness again interrupt the joyous scene. The sombre note of Fate is sounded. Man must meet Death the Inevitable. But he enters this final battle with Death with Hope in his heart, for he is supported by Love. In his last hour, he still triumphs. The beauty of Love is but the dawn of the greater Life.

The ballet is imbued with the deeply religious spirit of Botticelli and the artists of the Italian Quatrocento, a spirit which has appealed to Fokine and Anisfeld and Mlle. Pavlowa as most closely in harmony with the sad but inspiring thoughts of Lamartine and the music of Liszt.

Giselle

IN the beautiful valley of the Rhine, rich in lore and legend, Theophile Gautier's fancy set the romance of Giselle, peopling it with picturesque nobles and peasants, vivifying it with love and tragedy, and the theme inspired Adolphe Adam to compose music that breathes the spirit of the poem.

It is the dawn of vintage-day, the festival of vineyard harvest. The sun, newly risen, lights two humble cottages under a castle-tipped crag, the holding of the young Count Albrecht, owner of all the region.

Two youths, garbed as peasants, appear from one of the cottages. They are the Count Albrecht and his squire Wilfrid. Albrecht, betrothed for reasons of state to the Princess Bathilde, is in love with the pretty Giselle who lives in the cottage opposite. To press his suit he has come down from his castle, laid off the dress of his station, occupied the cottage near Giselle and mingled with the peasants as Loys. And Giselle loves him.

Now, in the eagerness of love, he has arisen with the morn to meet Giselle and urge her to be his companion for the fête day. Wilfrid, foreseeing ill in the adventure, attempts to dissuade his master, but his counsels avail nothing. Dismissing his squire, Loys hastens to Giselle, who has come from her home, and, her thoughts of her lover, is reading the language of flowers. In the joy of their meeting the youth and girl dance the measures they are to execute in the later day's festivities, and as the villagers arrive they are infected by the glad spirit of the dance until the merry company is whirling in wild steps.

One of the company is out of harmony with the gaiety. He is Hilarion, rough huntsman, whom Giselle has repulsed, and now embittered by jealousy he plots vengeance.

In the ecstacy of happiness Giselle dances more madly than any of the others until her mother, Bertha, warns her to desist, prophesying that she will become a Wilis, one of those wraiths of gloomy forest who dancing at night in robes of vapor lure men to the brink of a chasm and plunge them to death in the waters at its depth.

Giselle laughs. Better to dance than to lie in a coffin, she flings back.

She is crowned queen of the holiday, and choosing Loys as her knight they lead in the dancing.

The sudden notes of a hunting horn halt the festivities. The Duke and his daughter, the Princess Bathilde, hunting with a gallant company, have come upon the merry-makers, and wearied from the chase they dismount to rest.

Giselle is struck with admiration for the princess, who is attracted by the beauty of the peasant girl. Bathilde beckons to Giselle and questions her.

They confide to each other that they are betrothed, and the princess takes from her neck a gold chain and places it on Giselle, a wedding dowry. The princess asks for the fortunate youth who has won Giselle. Loys has disappeared. He has fled to escape recognition and exposure by the princess and the hunting party.

Hilarion comes forward and flings down the rich cloak and sword and golden spurs Albrecht had discarded in the cottage when he assumed the guise of Loys.

Realizing that Loys is Count Albrecht, plighted to the princess, Giselle is bereft of reason. In her madness she dances again the figures she has danced with Loys, then snatches up his sword, and before Albrecht, who has come from hiding, can turn the weapon, she plunges the blade into her bosom. Even in her last mortal agony she essays to dance, but her faltering steps end as she sinks lifeless into the arms of her mother and the princess, while the Count is crushed with horror and Hilarion stricken with remorse.

The second act is the fearsome forest at night. Moonlight falling through the blackness whitens a cross above a little mound. It is the grave of Giselle. Hilarion and a party of huntsmen, lost in the woods, force their way into the opening. Hilarion sees the cross. He knows it stands over Giselle whose death he caused, and he discovers the rings in the turf which mark the dancing of the Wilis. Terror-stricken he flees from the spot as a distant bell tolls midnight. The last stroke summons the Wilis, female spirits, who at command of their queen begin their weird revels. They call Giselle from her grave and undertake to instruct her in the dance, but she dances more wonderfully than they. Hilarion, bewildered and separated from his companions, comes again into the glade. The Wilis surround him and by their mysterious force impel him, resisting, to the chasm of doom. He struggles, plunges from sight, and the splash tells that he has disappeared in the waters of death.

Dancing in their frenzy of glee the unholy spirits espy another coming toward them. He is Albrecht, drawn in grief to the grave of Giselle, who implores the phantoms to spare him. They are pitiless, but Giselle discerns safety for him. She motions him to cling to the cross, for touching that the Wilis are powerless against him. Angrily the queen commands Giselle to lure him from sanctuary. She must draw him to her by dancing. Giselle dances, but her message to Albrecht is to hold fast to the cross. He combats the temptation to clasp Giselle to him. Love is greater than fear. One arm falls from the cross, then the other, and he is fair prey for the Wilis. A glow proclaims the dawn. Their night is done, their evil stayed, for the Wilis can work their wickedness only in darkness. They fade into air. The form of Giselle alone remains. Albrecht rushes toward it, but it sinks into a bed of flowers.

He plucks one of the flowers, presses it to his lips, and at the moment the Princess Bathilde and Wilfrid, alarmed over his absence and in search of him, come upon him, he sinks unconscious on Giselle's grave.

Some of Those With Pavlowa

LAWRENTI NOVIKOFF, chief supporting danseur with Pavlowa, is premier danseur classique of the Imperial Opera House at Moscow. This is the highest rank to which a danseur can attain. Novikoff has long been a favorite in Russia. With Pavlowa he has achieved renown throughout the east of Europe, especially in Germany and in France, and particularly in England.

Premier danseur de caractere is the title of Sergie Zailich at the Imperial Opera House of Moscow.

M. Cecchetti is premier mime of the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg, and is also head master of the Imperial Mariensky Institute at the Russian capital.

Stephina Plaskowieszka, chief sola danseuse with Pavlowa has the rank of premiere danseuse de caractere at the Imperial Opera House at St. Petersburg.

Theodore Stier conductor of the orchestra with Pavlowa is a Russian-Viennese. He is regarded both abroad and in America, where he achieved fame with Pavlowa three seasons ago, as the most skilful and sympathetic ballet conductor of the day.

There is a wide difference between conducting a regular symphonic program, or guiding an orchestra through an operatic performance, and leading musicians who play for a dancing performance. It is held that some of the greatest symphonic and operatic conductors of the day would make a sorry mess of "L'Orientale." In St. Petersburg, indeed, at the Imperial Opera, they have separate conductors for the opera and the ballet.

The Magic Flute

THIS is a tale of Lise, the farmer's daughter, and her love for Luc, her companion in the fields, and of how their true love triumphs over age and greed of gold, all by the power of the magic flute of Oberon, the King of Faery. Many and laugh provoking are the mishaps of those who would stay the course of true love, namely, the vain and silly old marquis, his footman and retainers, and the grasping farmer's wife who would wed her daughter to the nobleman's gold. Done into a dance drama by Marius Petipa, to Drigo's music. The scene is a French village, the time in the reign of Louis XV. For work well done the farmer's wife regales the peasants with beer, and bids them dance. Luc, slyly beckoned to by Lise, joins the girl, but her mother seeing them dancing together berates him for aspiring to her daughter's hand and orders him begone. Now there is excitement, for the marquis' footman comes with a message telling that his master is to choose a bride from among the village maidens. On the heels of his messenger appears the marquis, trying, as he scatters attentions among the girls, to conceal years beneath sprightliness, and when the farmer's wife presents Lise his quest is ended. He is in love at once. But though scorned by the girl his attentions please her mother, who insists that Lise receive them, and Luc, returning, hears the nobleman, on bended knee, declare his love. But when the Marquis would kiss Lise's hand he caresses that of Luc instead. To display his graces the marquis attempts to instruct Lise in the dance of aristocracy, the minuet, until she shows him the dance of the villagers, and this done he accepts an invitation from the farmer's wife to take refreshments in her house. The villagers leave, but Luc, persevering as all lovers should, reappears. Ejected by the farmer's wife he sits on the steps of the judge's house nearby to watch for his love, and waiting there he sees an aged hermit driven from the door. In compassion Luc goes to the man's aid, and gives to him his last coin. The hermit inquires of Luc the reason for his dejection, and the youth recites his story, to note with surprise as he finishes that he is alone. His eyes fall on a flute above which is written, "Play on this and everybody will be forced to dance. It will bring you luck." Taking the flute Luc tries its notes. The sound brings Lise, who dances until she falls exhausted. Luc explains the secret of the flute, and proposes that they try it on her mother. Indignantly the girl rejects the suggestion until Luc threatens to leave her, whereupon she agrees to his plan. Forth from the house comes the mother, enraged at finding the lovers together. Summoning the marquis and his footman to her aid they advance, armed, the woman with broom, the marquis with sword, the footman with stick, but the flute changes their warlike charge to a dance, which is protracted until their strength is spent. The marquis charges Luc with sorcery and calls the gendarmes to arrest him. Luc plays and again everybody, including the gendarmes, prance and hop. After a time Luc is disarmed of his magic flute and haled before the judge. This dignitary, doubting but curious, orders a test of the mysterious flute. Its certain power compels everybody to dance, and the judge, breathless and his dignity outraged, condemns Luc to death. But now the notes that had proceeded from the magic flute are heard elsewhere, and the bewildered assemblage behold Oberon, in splendor, standing above them. He reveals himself as the hermit that day cast out by the farmer's wife, and she, begging forgiveness, is granted it only on condition that she accepts Luc for Lise. As the marquis and his footman steal away, the villagers celebrate the happiness of the true lovers.

Paquita

OF all classic ballets, Paquita is considered the foremost. It is held as a masterpiece of the art of dancing. It was composed by Petipa and is set to the music of Deldevez.

In Spain, at the time of the wars with Napoleon, the French Governor gives a brilliant ball in his palace. The scene is one of splendor. Partisans of France and those of the Spanish aristocracy who for reasons of policy affect a friendliness with the usurpers, meet and mingle. Society reflects the feverish spirit and unrest of war and impending battle, when invaders hold the power against armed opposition, when peril is imminent, and any moment may bring on fighting anew.

In this time of stress, state entertainment is a matter of diplomacy. The ball given by the Governor has an official purpose, to take public mind from danger, to establish a sense of security, to win friends. For the entertainments of the guests a ballet is danced. This dance, originated by the famous ballet master Petipa of St. Petersburg, has taken rank as the greatest classical pas ever devised.

PAVLOWA, NOVIKOFF
AND ZAILICH

Halte De Cavalerie

THERE is work to be done in the fields this day and the peasants assemble to receive the Mayor's instructions as to their tasks. Marie, the Mayor's daughter, under cover of her father's address, tells Pierre he may meet her in secret, and as a mark of favor she gives a blue ribbon to him. Marie has a rival in Therese who also urges Pierre to come to her, and her gift to him is a red ribbon.

The villagers depart, the men to the fields, the women to their homes. Pierre, unobserved, falls back and returns to the tryst. Elated over the love of the two girls he wonders which will be first to appear and ponders which ribbon to wear. Therese approaches, and Pierre kisses the red ribbon. Believing by this token that Pierre has declared his love, Therese permits him to caress her. Marie comes upon them as they kiss and shamefacedly Pierre and Therese draw apart. Marie upbraids Pierre as fickle, and reproaches Therese. The quarrel is high when a trumpet announces the advance of a body of hussars and lancers. Pierre tries to escape, but the soldiers prevent it. They lead him before their colonel who demands the reason why the villagers have not turned out to welcome him and have prepared no entertainment for the troops. Pierre refuses to explain. Nor will he bring wine. The colonel to punish his obstinacy orders him locked in a barn and again has the bugle sounded.

This call draws the curious peasant women out of doors, but when the soldiers try to seize them they hastily re-enter their houses. Marie, evading the soldiers, seeks about for Pierre. Hearing a rapping on the barn door, she opens it and is astonished upon discovering Pierre. He is explaining his encounter with the soldiers when a young lieutenant espies Marie, and attracted by her prettiness attempts to flirt with her. Pierre in fear of recapture hides behind Marie, and she, to draw attention from him, challenges the young officer to dance with her. He accepts, and as they dance the captain of hussars comes up.

Admiring the peasant girl he orders the lieutenant off on military service and in turn makes love to Marie. Soon the colonel appears and serves the captain as the captain had served the lieutenant, finding duty for him elsewhere. Like the others, the colonel falls in love with Marie, but she plans a prank on this elderly admirer. She tells him the other officers had asked her to dance with them, so now she invites him to dance with her. Mindful of his years he hesitates, but at length yields to the girl's coquetry, and with the difficulty of years undertakes the dance. Officers and peasants arrive as this exhibition is in progress. The colonel perceives that their compliments upon his dancing are ridicule, and as an acknowledgment of his folly he commands a fête in the village, permitting the soldiers to participate in the dance. In the midst of the festivities the Mayor returns, and addressing the colonel complains of the behavior of his men. To make amends the colonel announces that a collection has been taken up among the soldiers as a dowry for Marie and she and Pierre celebrate their betrothal amid great rejoicing.

Halte de Cavalerie was arranged for the ballet by Marius Petipa. The music is by Armsseimer.

When Pavlowa Decided To Dance

ANNA PAVLOWA'S Christmas treat when she was eight years of age was to be taken by her mother to see the ballet "The Sleeping Beauty" at the Mariensky Theatre in St. Petersburg. Then was decided the career of the greatest dancer the world has ever known. Pavlowa determined she would become a dancer. She pleaded for days until at length her mother took her to the Imperial Mariensky Institute of the Ballet, the school maintained by the Czar for training children as dancers. She was told she was too young, that she must wait two years, then if she returned her application for admittance might be considered. Pavlowa relates that in the succeeding time her thoughts and her dreams were of becoming a dancer, and her play was practicing the dance as she remembered it that Christmas, the first time she had ever been in a theatre.

At the expiration of the appointed time she went back to the school and was admitted as a pupil. Followed six years of relentless work and study and practice before she was graduated. In four years she became a solo dancer in the Imperial Russian Ballet, and in three more years she was advanced to the rank of prima ballerina. Her promotion was the quickest in the history of the Russian Ballet whose members are of the Czar's official family.

Coppelia

COPPELIA was arranged by Neweter and Saint Leon, and is from the Tales of Hoffmann. The music is by Delibes.

Coppelia, sweet, fragrant and tuneful, has always been a favorite wherever ballet performances are given. The designation "ocular opera" is peculiarly appropriate for it because it is nothing more or less than one of the most popular of grand operas ocularized, or subjected to ballet adaptation.

Delibes perhaps never wrote more charming music than that to which the dancers trip and whirl and flutter through the two merry acts. The story itself sparkles in a way difficult for the librettist to follow.

Dr. Coppelius, creator of mechanical toys; Swanilda, the reigning beauty of the Hungarian village, and Franz, a handsome, simple village youth, are the principal characters.

Dr. Coppelius' genius has found expression in a wonderful doll of life size, so true to nature that when the aged toy-maker displays it in an upper window, Franz falls in love with it, unmindful of the fact that Swanilda is infatuated with him. He casts glances of ardent affection toward what he believes to be the most beautiful maiden ever seen. Swanilda is filled with bitter hatred, while Coppelia's inventor grows fondly to regard the doll as possessing unlimited possibilities of mobility and almost of thought.

The curtain rises on a fête day in the little hamlet. Swanilda makes her appearance, pursuing a beautiful butterfly. Franz takes up the chase, captures the pretty creature and pins it in his hat, to the disgust of Swanilda, who would not willingly see it destroyed.

The mayor and other dignitaries arrive, and the fête begins. As night is falling, the toy-maker emerges from his shop to fall into the hands of roistering students. They torment him and he takes flight. He has lost his keys in the melée and a bevy of Swanilda's girl friends find them. They enter the shop for a lark. Franz arrives on the scene with a ladder, intent on reaching the window where his love beckons and smiles upon him. He has almost succeeded when Dr. Coppelius returns to search for his keys. He pulls the ladder from under Franz and the curtain falls with the latter attempting to explain his apparently felonious visit.

Swanilda and her companions have started on a romp within Dr. Coppelius' laboratory, when they find themselves interrupted by Dr. Coppelius' return. Swanilda takes the place of the doll, which she rudely throws aside, and her companions flee.

Dr. Coppelius, taking advantage of an opportunity to test a pet theory of his—the transmission of life to one of his figures—drugs Franz and then proceeds to carry out his test.

Exercising the secrets of his dark studies he attempts to transmit the youth and vitality of the prostrate Franz to the doll that Swanilda is impersonating. Swanilda, scarcely comprehending it all, continues her prank by hoaxing Dr. Coppelius into believing he has accomplished his purpose. She yields to every wish expressed by Dr. Coppelius, who is delighted with what he regards as the success of his experiment.

Finally when Franz returns to his senses, she runs off with him, and the aged experimenter, when he discovers that he has been the victim of a cruel hoax, falls to the floor heartbroken—dead.

This bit of tragedy is a master stroke of constructive genius found only in the Russian version, and the contrast between the rippling comedy and this grim bit of tragedy is generally regarded as the strength of the ballet. Hitherto the Italian version has been employed in this country, which makes the finale merely a romp in the toy-maker's shop. The Russian version gives to Dr. Coppelius a stronger character in that he is portrayed as a scientist with a deep mission underlying his eccentricities, rather than a mere maker of toys.

Pavlowa's World Tour

PAVLOWA'S present American tour is part of a world tour which is the most extensive ever undertaken. It began at the close of the London engagement last summer when Pavlowa toured Europe, appearing in the principal continental capitals and finishing with command performances before the Czar in St. Petersburg. In this country and Canada she will visit cities of first importance, going then to Havana, to Central and South America, Australia, Japan, China, and to South Africa. The tour will take two years. In this journey around the globe Pavlowa will carry her entire company and orchestra.

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